

The Woman's Shop



Buy your new Spring Suit of us, or if it is a covert jacket, a waist or a skirt you need we are sure we can gratify the most exacting taste. Every woman who loves pretty dresses will be enthusiastic over our Silk Suits in the new spring styles. Our display was never better than now.

Silk Redingote Suits, in black, green, brown and blue, 52-inch coat, fitted back, shirred at shoulder and waist, full skirted skirt, leg-o-mutton sleeve, beautifully trimmed in Persian effects to harmonize with each color, for

\$35.00.

Silk Blouse Suits, tailor-made, fitted jacket, with wide girdle, sleeve shirred off to leg-o-mutton effect, trimmed in solid colored braid to match each color, skirt pleated and killed; the best silk suit in town for the price, which is

\$27.50.

Silk Shirt Waist Suits, in all of newest effects and styles, at \$10.00, \$15.00, \$17.50, \$20.00.

\$25.00.

Silk Coats are in demand for this spring wear and we are showing them in various styles and lengths. 27-inch Taffeta Coats, made full back, large collar, trimmed with wood silk, trimming full, leg-o-mutton sleeve, for

\$8.50.

Two styles of 27-inch Taffeta Coats, one with shaped collar and box pleated and one with large sailor collar, silk braid trimmed, both with new style sleeves and good values, for

\$10.00.

30-inch Taffeta Coats, handsomely tailored, pleated back, applique sailor collar, for

\$15.00.

50-inch Silk Redingote Coats, shirred at waist and trimmed with large steel buckles, for

\$25.00.

Full and complete stock of China Silk Waists and Lingerie Lawn and Linen Waists, ranging in price from \$1.00 to

\$8.50.

Each style is new and carefully made.

We believe that we have the most carefully selected stock of

Skirts,

to be found in the city in all of the wanted materials, such as Mohair, Panamas, Voiles, Hard Twisted Serges and Taffeta Silks, and should you desire a Walking Skirt at \$5.00, or the more dressy Voile or Taffeta at \$25.00, we are confident that we can satisfactorily fill your needs.

When looking for your spring wearing apparel you should by all means give us a call.

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RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD

Dad Sees a Russian Revolution and Faints—The Bad Boy Arranges a Wolf Hunt—Dad Threatens to Throw the Bad Boy to the Wolves.

By Hon. George W. Peck.
(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Former Editor of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.)
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)
RUSSELL—MY DEAR GROCERWITZ: Well, sir, dad and I have got too much of Russia the quickest of any two tourists you ever heard of. That skirmish we saw, the day the Russians blessed the Neva, and shot blank cartridges fired with old iron at the czar, was not a marker to the trouble the next Sunday, when the working people marched to the Winter Palace, to present a petition to the "Little Father."

We thought a revolution was like a



AND HUNG BY ONE PANTS' LEG.

play, and that it would be worth going miles to see. Dad was in South America once when there was a revolution, where more than a dozen greasers, with guns that didn't shoot, put on a dog, and shot one of the revolutionists in the thumb, when the revolutionists were pounding stone, with cannon balls chained to their legs; and dad thought a revolution in Russia would be something like that, and that we could get on a front porch and watch it as it went by, and joke with the revolution, and throw confetti, like it was a carnival, but that Sunday that the Russian czar was being shot, we had enough blood to last us all our lives.

We got a place sitting on an iron picket fence, and we saw the people coming up the street towards the Winter Palace, mostly dressed in blouses, and looking as innocent as a crowd of new babies at home going up to the city hall to ask for a raise in wages of two shillings a day. Nobody had a gun, and no one would have known how to use a gun, and all looked like poor people going to prayers. There were troops everywhere, and every soldier acted as though he was afraid something would happen to spoil their chance of killing anybody.

The snow on the streets was clean and as white as the wings of a peace dove, and dad said the show was no better than a parade of laboring men at home on Labor Day. Suddenly some officer yelled to the parade to stop, and the priest at the head of the procession, who was carrying a cross, showed up a little like a drum major of a band when the populace at home begins to throw eggs, but they kept on, and then the shooting began, and in a minute men, women and children were rolling in the snow, bleeding and dying, the marchers were too stunned to run, and the deadly guns kept on spitting fire, and the street was full of dead and dying, and then the Cossacks rode over the dead and sated and knouted the living, and as the snow was patched with red blood, dad faints away and fell off the picket fence, and hung by one pants' leg, which caught on a picket, and crowds rushed in every direction, and it was an hour before I could get a droosky to haul dad to the hotel.

Dad collapsed when he got to the hotel, and I got a doctor and a nurse, and for two days I had to watch the revolution alone, while dad had fits of remorse 'cause he brought me to such a chancel house, he said.

Well, if you ever go anywhere, traveling for pleasure, do not go to Russia, because it is the saddest place on earth. I have seen no person smile or laugh in all the ten days we have been here, except a Cossack, when he runs a saber through a little girl, and his laugh was like the coyote on the prairie when he captures a little lamb. The people look either heart-broken or snarly, like the people confined in an insane asylum at home.

The czar, who a week ago was loved by the people, who believed if they went



AND FILED US OUT ON TOP OF DAD.

to him, as to their God, and appealed for guidance, is to-day hated by all, and instead of "Nicholas the Good," the emperor is now a castle in the country, and crawling under a bed, all the people call him "the Little Jack Rabbit," and his fate is sealed, as a bomb will blow him into pieces so small they will have to be swept up in a dust pan for burial, maybe before dad and I can get out of Russia.

Going to St. Petersburg for a pleasant outing is a good deal like visiting the Chicago stockyards to watch the bloody men kill the cattle, and the butchers in the stockyards, calloused against any feeling for suffering animals, are like the soldiers here who shoot down their neighbors because they are hired to do so. The murder of those unarmed working men, that Sunday, has changed a helpless, pleading people into anarchists with deadly bombs in their blouses where they were once carrying a cross, and broad to sustain life, and with the menace of Japan in the far east and an outraged people at home, Russia is in a bad way, and if I was the czar or a grand duke, I would find a woodchuck hole and arrange

with the woodchuck for a furnished flat. I didn't think there was going to be anything going on in Russia except bloodshed and bombs, and things to make you sorry that you were here, and I was willing to take chloroform, and let them carry me home in a box, with my description on the cover, until the doctor told me that dad was in a condition of nervousness, that he needed something to happen to get his mind off of his awful scenes he had witnessed, and asked me if I couldn't think of something to excite him, and wake him up, and then dad said, after he got so he could go out doors: "Henriery, you have always been Johnny on the spot when I needed diversion, and I want you to take your brain apart, and oil the works, and see if you can't conjure up something to get my blood circulating, and my pores open, and my business, and anything you think goes, and I swear I will not kick if you scare the boots off of me."

Well, that was right into my hand, and I set my mind to strike at four P. M. I had been out riding once with the Chicago man, in a sledge, with two horses abreast, all runaway horses, and the driver was a Cossack who lashed the horses into a run every smooth place he found in the road, and it was like running to a fire, so I got the Chicago fellow to go with me and we found the Cossack and he was drunker than usual. There is a kind of liquor here called vodka, which skins wood alcohol and carbolic acid to a finish, and when a man is full of it he is so mad he wants to cut his own throat. This driver had put up sideboards on his neck and had two legs in one, and we hired him by the hour.

I told the Chicago man the circumstances and that I had got to get dad out of his trance, and he said he would help me. When I was out riding the day before, I noticed that the road was full of great dane dogs, wolf hounds and stag hounds, which followed their master's sledges out in the country, and the dogs loafed around, hungry, looking for bones, and fighting each other, so I decided to get the dogs to chase our sledge, and make dad think we were chased by wolves. I thought that would make dad stand without hitching, and it did.

The Chicago man bought some cannon firecrackers, and I bought a cow's liver, and hitched it to a rope, and hid it in the back seat, and my Chicago friend and I took the back seat, and we got dad in the seat behind the driver, and started about an hour before dark out in the country, through a piece of woods that looked quite wolfy. On the way out the driver let his horse run away a few times, like you have seen in Russian pictures, and dad was beginning to sit up and take notice, and seemed to act like a man who expects every minute to be thrown over a precipice, and mixed up with dead horses. Dad touched the driver once on the coat and told him not to hurry, so confounded fast, and the driver thought he was complaining because it was too slow, and he gave a Cossack yell, and threw the lines into the air and the horses just skeddaddled, and run into a snow bank and tipped over the sledge, and piled us out on top of dad, but dad only said: "This is getting good."

We righted up, and dad wanted to know where all the pups came from that we had passed. I had been throwing out pieces of meat into the road for a mile or so, and the dogs were having a picnic. It was getting dark by this time, and we started back to town, and I threw out my liver, fastened to the rope, and the Chicago man, who had given the driver a drink of vodka when



DAD STOOD UP IN THE SLEDGE AND LOOKED BACK.

we tipped over, told him, in Russian, that when the dogs began to follow us, to get hold of the liver, to yell "wolves," and give the team the rein, for a five-mile run that he loved me to have, and we wanted to give the old gentleman a good time.

Well, uncle, I would have given anything if you could have seen dad, when the dogs began to chase that liver, and bark, and fight each other. The driver yelled something in Russian, and pointed back with his whip, the Chicago man said: "My God, we are pursued by a pack of ravenous wolves, and there is no hope for us," and I began to cry, and implored dad, if he loved me to run, and he stood up in the sledge and looked back, and saw the wolves, and he was scared, but he said the only thing to do was to throw something overboard for them to be chewing on while we got away, but he sat down and pulled a pipe over his head and his lips were moving, but I do not know whom he was addressing.

The Chicago man touched off a couple of cannon firecrackers behind the sleds, but that only kept the dogs busy for a minute, and dad said probably the best thing to do was to throw me overboard, and let them eat me, and I said: "Nay, nay, Pauline," and then I think dad fainted away, for he never peeped again until the team had run away for miles, and I cut my liver rope, and when we got into the suburbs of St. Petersburg the dogs had overtaken the liver, and were fighting over it.

The driver had to pull up his horses as we struck the town, and dad must have got a whiff of the driver's vodka, because he came to, and we got to the hotel all right, and I thought dad would simply die in his tracks, but the ride and the excitement did him good, and he wanted to buy a gun and go out hunting the next day, but our tickets were bought, and we shall get out of this terrible country to-morrow.

Dad woke me up in the night and wanted to know if I saw him, and he pulled his knife and wanted to get out and fight the pack of wolves skeddaddled. I am not much of a liar, but I told him I remembered it well, and it demonstrated to me that he was as brave a man as the Cossack "the Little Jack Rabbit," as the people call him.

Well, thanks to my wolf hunt, dad is all right again, and now we shall go to some country where there is peace. I don't know where we will find it, but if such a country exists, your little Henriery will catch on, if dad's money holds out. Yours, covered with Gore.

HENRIERY.

A REMARKABLE DUCK.

Lays Eggs as Black as a Crow.

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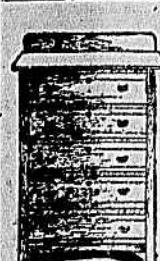
(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
WARM SPRINGS, VA., March 11.—Mr. Frank Curtis, of Millboro, has a rather peculiar duck. For the past three weeks



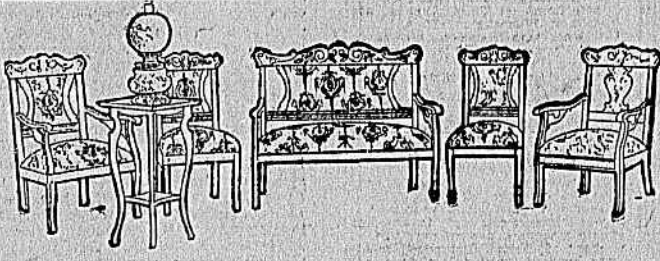
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This Large Solid Oak Chest of drawers, five large drawers; worth \$7.

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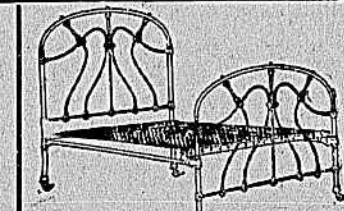
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The third consignment of 1905 season's goods has arrived, and now we have the largest and most complete stock of go-carts ever shown in this city. Being the production of three of the best factories in the country, of which we are the factory selling agents.

From \$1.98 to \$40.00



Splendid Full Length Couch, substantial oak frame, excellent springs, covered in fine velour, full tufted; regular \$12 value, special.



Special Sale of Brass and Iron Beds.

Brass Beds, \$35 values, special.

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Iron Beds, \$35 values, special.



A Solid Oak Swivel Front Dressing Case, large French shaped mirror, special.

\$14.75.

\$2.95

for this large size Solid Oak Quartered Polished Rocker, worth \$6.

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Handsome Solid Oak Bedroom Suite, highly polished and nicely carved, dresser has large French plate mirror, deep drawers and brass handles; washstand to match; \$48 value, special.

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25c to 60c a yard.

Heavy China Mattings, in the latest checks and stripes.

10c to 40c a yard.

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the fowl has been laying, and so far every egg produced is as black as a crow. No cause whatever can be assigned for this. The shell and the thin inside skin are both black, yet the contents of every egg is natural as any other egg, and all the people of his neighborhood wonder at this marvelous phenomenon. Mr. Curtis has but one pair of ducks, and a great many believe that the eggs' shells are affected by some kind of germs eaten.

William O'Farrell, of Mountain Grove, was thrown down this week by a horse he was unwhitening and badly trampled and bruised. He was for a long while unconscious, but is rapidly recovering from his painful injuries.

Circuit Court will convene here March 20th. There is a heavy docket.

Bath county board of supervisors will meet in regular session here Tuesday, the 14th.

Colored Treasurer J. M. Douglass is at Lexington this week.

Mrs. S. H. McDonald, after a several months visit to relatives in Missouri, has returned to her home in Bath.

Mr. L. F. LaRue and his daughter, Miss Mildred, visited his parents at McClung this week.

Mrs. David Groves, of Millboro Springs, died on March 3d.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

CHARLOTTE, March 11.—Despite the will don potential garb the anti-Lenten season has been unusually quiet.

The most interesting event of the week is that of the forthcoming marriage of Miss Alice Williams Cowles and Mr. Osmond L. Barringer, who will take place Thursday, March 23d.

These young people are among the most popular in Charlotte's society circles, and the coming wedding holds great interest for hosts of friends.

A marriage of interest to a number of people took place Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Matthews, the contracting parties being Miss Cora Matthews and Mr. James Lester Delaney.

The Rev. Dr. Martin D. Hardin, pastor of Second Presbyterian Church, performed the ceremony. The bride is a popular and accomplished young lady, and the groom a young lawyer with a future.

A wedding which connects prominent families of Union and Mecklenburg counties took place yesterday at the home of the bride's parents in Union county, when Miss Emma Parks became the bride of Mr. J. D. Cunningham. The groom is one of the most substantial planters in this county.

The Thursday afternoon Club was entertained this week at the home of Miss Sula Belle Mayer. The club prize was

won by Miss Carrie Marshall Brown, and the visitor's prize by Mrs. Charles Jones, of Lancaster.

The regular meeting of the Dolly Madison Book Club was held Friday of this week with Mrs. Richmond, at the home of Judge W. P. Byrum.

Mrs. Henry A. Kluppelberg entertained Friday afternoon in honor of Mrs. R. G. Callum, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Joseph Wright, of Winchester, Va.

The musical section of the Woman's Club met with Mrs. C. C. Hook Wednesday evening.

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